

## For the Children

### THE WIND.

By Robert Louis Stevenson.

I saw you toss the kites on high  
And blow the birds about the sky;  
And all around I heard you pass,  
Like ladies' skirts across the grass—  
Oh, wind, a-blowing all day long;  
Oh, wind, that sings so loud a song!

I saw the different things you did,  
But always you yourself you hid.  
I felt you push, I heard you call,  
I could not see yourself at all—  
Oh, wind, a-blowing all day long;  
Oh, wind, that sings so loud a song!

Oh, you that are so strong and cold;  
Oh, blower, are you young or old?  
Are you a beast of field and tree,  
Or just a stronger child than me?  
Oh, wind, a-blowing all day long;  
Oh, wind, that sings so loud a song!

### A LITTLE CHRISTMAS HEROINE.

By Fred Myron Colby.

It was during the days when the patriots were losing ground in the Carolinas in the Revolutionary War; the British held possession of Charleston and Tarleton's troopers were riding over the country terrorizing everybody. Only a few brave men like Marion and Sumpter held out, and they were in hiding, waiting patiently for a chance to strike a blow at the hated British.

In the late fall of the year Captain John Eager, an officer of Marion's legion, obtained a leave of absence and went to his home on the Santee for a few days' rest. From the best information it was believed that Tarleton was in another part of the colony, and as the Christmas season was approaching it was not expected the British would be dangerously active for some time to come. It was then with no little feeling of security that Captain Eager settled down with his family in the comfortable mansion which he had built before his marriage, and where his wife and two children made the time pass very pleasantly for the patriot.

The eldest of Captain Eager's children was a girl—Mary Eager, though everybody called her Polly—a little maid of twelve, and as fiery and true-hearted a patriot as there was in the colonies. She and her father were great cronies, and Polly liked nothing better than to sit and work on a sampler and listen to her father as he told of the forays of Marion's men, and of the life of the "Swamp Fox" among the fens and forests of the Carolinas.

And thus were they engaged one day—the Christmas of 1781, the captain smoking his pipe on the porch, while he was recounting one of Marion's exploits, and Polly sitting at his feet, stitching her sampler, when they were interrupted by the sound of pounding hoofs coming up the road. Presently the rider appeared, a lank, sandy-haired and complexioned

young fellow, riding a wild, Shetlandish looking pony, and going like the wind.

"Tarleton is coming! Tarleton is coming! Flee for your lives!" he shouted and the rider dashed on to carry the dread tidings of the ruthless raider's coming to other neighborhoods.

"Oh, father, what will you do!" cried Polly, as the captain rose to his feet and glanced hastily around.

"I don't know, child. I must hide somewhere, I suppose, but I don't know where."

Mrs. Eager came to the door, her face pale with suppressed emotion. "John, you must fly," she said, "or that terrible Tarleton will hang you. And our Christmas dinner is almost ready, and we could have been so happy, oh, it is too bad."

"The dinner will keep, mother," replied Captain Eager, bravely, "and I don't believe the rope is braided yet to hang me. I may conclude to stay,—"

Just then Polly uttered a cry of dismay. "Oh, father, they are coming!" and she pointed to a cloud of dust not more than half a mile distant.

"It's no use for me to try to escape by flight," said the captain. "Tarleton's troopers would soon overtake me, but there must be some hiding place in the house. Any way, we must risk it."

"Papa, may I speak a word," cried Polly, as the captain turned to go inside the house. "Tarleton's men will search for you in every likely hiding place from cellar to attic, but they might not look for you right here under their very noses."

"What do you mean, child?" asked her father.

"I mean, why not hide in one of these barrels on the piazza? They will never think of you taking refuge in one of these," and Polly pointed to two large barrels or tierces which had been brought out of the cellar a few days before and were standing empty on the piazza on which they were talking.

"It's the very thing, child," declared the captain, "and I will get down into one of them, as you say. It's my last chance."

It took but a moment for the captain to bestow his somewhat bulky form inside one of the empty casks where he crouched quite comfortably. His daughter hurriedly piled some clothing over him, and a few sticks of wood were thrown carelessly upon the top.

Polly was in mortal terror for fear the Britons might ride up before the concealment was effected, but she had everything completed, and was seated carelessly engaged upon her sampler, almost within hand's reach of where her father was concealed, as the British troops turned a corner and dashed up to the house.

"Is that rebel hound, Captain Eager, inside?" inquired the leader of the dragoons peremptorily, halting his troop just in front of where the little girl sat so quietly stitching.

He was a slender, middle-sized person, but muscular and active as was evident by the way he sat in the saddle. His face was thin and pale, and would have been girlish but for the earnest, fiery eyes and the firm, determined mouth.

Polly knew very well that this was the famous